



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LONGFELLOW
BIRTHDAY
BOOK



AL 2386.160

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
GEORGE FILLMORE SWAIN

Gordon McKay Professor of
Civil Engineering
1909-1929

LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK





"CRAIGIE HOUSE"

Longfellow
Birthday
Book



Harse & Hopkins
New York

AL2386.160

✓ B

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
PROF. GEORGE F. SWAIN
OCT. 20, 1933

Copyright, 1910,
BY
BARSE & HOPKINS

✓



January Third

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

Song of the Silent Land.

January Fourth

All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither.

The Song of Hiawatha.



January Fifth

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!

The Spanish Student.

January Sixth

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou like-
wise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love
also.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



January Seventh

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain.

The Building of the Ship.

January Eighth

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth.

Coplas de Manrique.



January Ninth

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.

The Golden Legend.

January Tenth

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Annie of Tharaw.



January Eleventh

O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The Spanish Student.

January Twelfth

The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Rain in Summer.



January Thirteenth

Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences.
The Golden Legend.

January Fourteenth

Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!
The Wayside Inn.



January Fifteenth

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

A Psalm of Life.

January Sixteenth

And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

My Lost Youth.



January Seventeenth

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.
Woods in Winter.

January Eighteenth

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
Elegy.



January Nineteenth

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

January Twentieth

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghostly fears are dead.
The Beleaguered City.



January Twenty-First

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
A Psalm of Life.

January Twenty-Second

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more:
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"
Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination."



January Twenty-Third

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

January Twenty-Fourth

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.
Haunted Houses.



January Twenty-Fifth

Happy, thrice happy every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide.
The Building of the Ship.

January Twenty-Sixth

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian.
The Spanish Student.



January Twenty-Seventh

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Evangeline.

January Twenty-Eighth

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Coplas de Manrique.



January Twenty-Ninth

Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!
The Song of Hiawatha.

January Thirtieth

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment.
The Golden Legend.



January Thirti-first

He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

The Wayside Inn.





February First

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Resignation.

February Second

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

The Builders.



February Third

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Woods in Winter.

February Fourth

All through life there are way-side inns, where man may
refresh his soul with love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed
by springs from above.

The Golden Legend.



February Fifth

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.
The Song of Hiawatha.

February Sixth

Let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.
Coplas de Manrique.

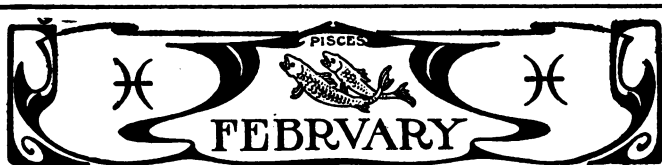


February Seventh

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
The Builders.

February Eighth

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above.
Coplas de Manrique.



February Ninth

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

Resignation.

February Tenth

O great eternity
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

Suspiria.



February Eleventh

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.
The Two Angels.

February Twelfth

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude to our fate.
The Spanish Student.



February Thirteenth

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

The Bridge.

February Fourteenth

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

A Psalm of Life.



February Fifteenth

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

The Builders.

February Sixteenth

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it
Is a proverb old and of excellent wit.

The Golden Legend.



February Seventeenth

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

Poetic Aphorisms.

February Eighteenth

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!

The Building of the Ship.



February Nineteenth

To be strong
Is to be happy!

The Golden Legend.

February Twentieth

Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of
heaven.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



February Twenty-First

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Woods in Winter.

February Twenty-Second

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness.

The Golden Legend.



February Twenty-Third

For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

Interlude.

February Twenty-Fourth

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

Children.



February Twenty-Fifth

Perfect is love, and love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

February Twenty-Sixth

And evermore beside him on his way

The unseen Christ shall move,

That he may lean upon his arm and say,

"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination."



February Twenty-Seventh

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

Woods in Winter.

February Twenty-Eighth

In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

Coplas de Manrique.



February Twenty-Ninth

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

The Goblet of Life.





March First

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

March Second

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is Godlike.

Evangeline.

George F. Swain



March Third

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race.

The Goblet of Life.

March Fourth

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work
of affection!

Evangeline.



March Fifth

Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission
and patience!

Evangeline.

March Sixth

So long as Time is, is Atonement.
The Children of the Lord's Supper.



March Seventh

Thy finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies!
Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze.
The Golden Legend.

March Eighth

Thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility.
To a Child.



March Ninth

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

A Psalm of Life.

March Tenth

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his
failings,
Guide the erring aright.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



March Eleventh

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Santa Filomena.

March Twelfth

Accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made God-
like,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven!

Evangeline.



March Thirteenth

I have no other shield than mine own virtue,
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.
The Spanish Student.

March Fourteenth

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!
Hymn. "For my Brother's Ordination."



March Fifteenth

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

The Light of Stars.

March Sixteenth

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

The Children's Hour.



March Seventeenth

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
'They have been, and shall be no more.

The Golden Legend.

March Eighteenth

Teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence.

The Birds of Killingworth.



March Nineteenth

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
God's-Acre.

March Twentieth

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!
The Song of Hiawatha.



March Twenty-First

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
Tales of a Wayside Inn.

March Twenty-Second

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
The Golden Legend.



March Twenty-Third

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The Light of Stars.

March Twenty-Fourth

The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a gipsy camp
As in a palace hall.

The Spanish Student.



March Twenty-Fifth

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple
and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments
resplendent.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

March Twenty-Sixth

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort
it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the
smoke.

Poetic Aphorisms.



March Twenty-Seventh

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the
green turf of the prairies?

How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed
the sweet air of the mountains?

To the Driving Cloud.

March Twenty-Eighth

And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

The Old Clock on the Stairs.



March Twenty-Ninth

A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.

The Wayside Inn.

March Thirtieth

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Maidenhood.



March Thirty-First

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Flowers.





April First

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

An April Day.

April Second

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous.
The Song of Hiawatha.



April Third

Like the new moon thy life appears
A little strip of silver light
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years.

To a Child.

April Fourth

Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.

Spring.



April Fifth

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

An April Day.

April Sixth

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

The Song of Hiawatha.



April Seventh

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.
It is Not Always May.

April Eighth

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity
may be.

Poetic Aphorisms.



8 APRIL 8

TAVRVS



April Ninth

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

The Image of God.

April Tenth

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

L'Envoi.



April Eleventh

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

The Day Is Done.



April Twelfth

Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

The Spanish Student.



April Thirteenth

O life and love! O happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

A Day of Sunshine.

April Fourteenth

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record.

The Golden Legend.



April Fifteenth

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

A Psalm of Life.

April Sixteenth

For the structure that we raise,
Time is 'with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

The Builders.



April Seventeenth

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
The Village Blacksmith.

April Eighteenth

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
The Song of Hiawatha.



April Nineteenth

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

Poetic Aphorisms.

April Twentieth

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

An April Day.



April Twenty-First

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Santa Filomena.

April Twenty-Second

Thy will of heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

Coplas de Manrique.



April Twenty-Third

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!

Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born

The rose and jessamine, leap wild in thee!

The Brook.

April Twenty-Fourth

When the warm sun, that brings

Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,

'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs

The first flower of the plain.

An April Day.



April Twenty-Fifth

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

An April Day.

April Twenty-Sixth

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his
failings,
Guide the erring aright.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



April Twenty-Seventh

Some falsehood mingles with all truth;
Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but slowly
The things that are holy and unholy!

The Golden Legend.

April Twenty-Eighth

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?

Palingenesis.



April Twenty-Ninth

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The Singers.

April Thirtieth

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think,
and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions
of friendship.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Mary Rand Swain.



May First

The Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven.

The Song of Hiawatha.

May Second

Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!

The Golden Legend.



May Third

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small,

Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness
grinds he all.

Poetic Aphorisms.

May Fourth

O holy Father! pardon in me
The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony!

The Golden Legend.



May Fifth

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as
of souls in pain.

The Spanish Student.

May Sixth

Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,
Thou shalt have more.

The Spanish Student.



May Seventh

Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

The Golden Legend.

May Eighth

Patience! . . . have faith, and thy prayer will
be answered.

Evangeline.



May Ninth

The great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach."
The Singers.

May Tenth

Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines
like the Hebrew's,
For she has looked upon God.
The Children of the Lord's Supper.



May Eleventh

Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

Flowers.

Charlotte Barrett

May Twelfth

Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong
Is to be happy! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong!

The Golden Legend.



May Thirteenth

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous

Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an offspring.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

May fourteenth

Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants.

The Spanish Student.



May Fifteenth

How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

The Spanish Student.

May Sixteenth

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry.

Coplas de Manrique.



May Seventeenth

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.

The Golden Legend.

May Eighteenth

Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



May Nineteenth

That smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Maidenhood.

May Twentieth

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a
torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus Truth silences the liar.

Poetic Aphorisms.



May Twenty-First

If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Sunrise on the Hills.

May Twenty-Second

Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure.

The Golden Legend.



May Twenty-Third

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches
and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can
comprehend its dark enigma.

The Spanish Student.

May Twenty-Fourth

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on
the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is
hidden.

Evangeline.



May Twenty-Fifth

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain:
The Wind over the Chimney.

May Twenty-Sixth

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!
It is not always May.



May Twenty-Seventh

Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!

The Saga of King Olaf.

May Twenty-Eighth

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A Psalm of Life.



May Twenty-Ninth

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!
It is not always May.

May Thirtieth

O blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
The Golden Legend.



May Thirtieth First

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Maidenhood.





June First

All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage.

The Song of Hiawatha.

June Second

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines
the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in the
darkness.

Evangeline.



June Third

Our hearts are lamps for ever burning
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, for ever the same,
Steadily upward toward the Heaven!

The Golden Legend.

George Washington Putnam 1827

June Fourth

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love.

The Song of Hiawatha.



June Fifth

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Santa Filomena.

June Sixth

"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

The Occultation of Orion.



June Seventh

O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

The Spanish Student.

June Eighth

Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole and not a part,
That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man.

The Golden Legend.



June Ninth

The birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance.

The Song of Hiawatha.

June Tenth

We need another Hildebrand, to shake
And purify us like a mighty wind.
The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
God does not lose his patience with it wholly,
And shatter it like glass!

The Golden Legend.



June Eleventh

Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one
letter

Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called For-
giveness!

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

June Twelfth

'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

The Birds of Killingworth.



June Thirteenth

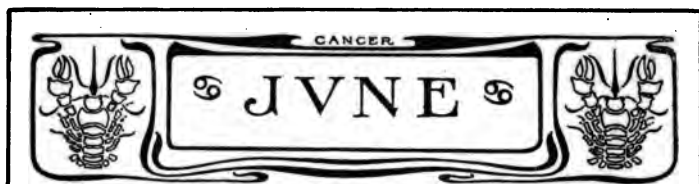
The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee,
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.

The Birds of Killingworth.

June Fourteenth

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

A Gleam of Sunshine.



June Fifteenth

Alas! we are but eddies of dust,
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only.

The Spanish Student.

June Sixteenth

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

Children.



June Seventeenth

My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee.

The Golden Legend.

June Eighteenth

Come not back again, or come as victor,
Oh be worthy of thy father's name!

Elegy.



June Nineteenth

For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!
The Building of the Ship.

June Twentieth

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.
A Day of Sunshine.



June Twenty-First

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

June Twenty-Second

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

Children.



June Twenty-Third

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!

The Building of the Ship.

June Twenty-Fourth

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Maidenhood.



June Twenty-Fifth

Affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, return-
ing
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full
of refreshment. *Evangeline.*

June Twenty-Sixth

We cannot walk together in this world!
The distance that divides us is too great!
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;
I must not hold thee back. *The Spanish Student.*



June Twenty-Seventh

In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame.

The Spanish Student.

June Twenty-Eighth

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.



June Twenty-Ninth

'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

The Song of Hiawatha.

June Thirtieth

Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,
Lives, like days in Summer, lengthened.

Epimetheus.



July First

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of
thorns round his temples?

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

July Second

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Endymion.



July Third

Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

July Fourth

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise,

The Arsenal at Springfield.



July Fifth

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

Something Left Undone.

July Sixth

So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you!

The Spanish Student.



July Seventh

"Blessed be God! for he createth Death!"

The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace;"

Then added, in the certainty of faith,

"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.

July Eighth

Let thy strong heart of steel this day

Put on its armor for the fray.

Coplas de Manrique.



July Ninth

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
Haunted Houses.

July Tenth

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.
A Gleam of Sunshine.



July Eleventh

Love thou the merciful Father!

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear but affection.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

July Twelfth

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,

And you will have another friend in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the door

Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

The Golden Legend.



July Thirteenth

Memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

July Fourteenth

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

The Spanish Student.



July Fifteenth

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!
To the River Charles.

July Sixteenth

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.
Haunted Houses.



July Seventeenth.

O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told.
The Old Clock on the Stairs.

July Eighteenth

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.
A Gleam of Sunshine.



July Nineteenth

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Maidenhood.

July Twentieth

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Haunted Houses.



July Twenty-First

From the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.
The Golden Legend.

July Twenty-Second

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er.
The Golden Legend.



July Twenty-Third

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.
A Day of Sunshine.

July Twenty-Fourth

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Coplas de Manrique.



July Twenty-Fifth

May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life.
The Spanish Student.

July Twenty-Sixth

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.
God's Acre.



July Twenty-Seventh

Have pity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!

The Golden Legend.

July Twenty-Eighth

All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air.

The Golden Legend.



July Twenty-Ninth

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

Endymion.

July Thirtieth

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

Poetic Aphorisms.



July Thirty-First

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.





August First

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

A Day of Sunshine.

August Second

Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;

The Golden Legend.



August Third

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

1823 Impresario William Batchelder
1861 Frank Henry Rand 1813

August Fourth

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
Hymn to the Night.



August Fifth

Clear fount of light! my native land on high
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

The Native Land.

August Sixth

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight.

It is not always May.



August Seventh

Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*
Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!
The Spanish Student.

August Eighth

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.



August Ninth

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away;
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Dedication.

August Tenth

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves
be ground.

Poetic Aphorisms.



August Eleventh

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Maidenhood.

August Twelfth

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

God's-Acre.



August Thirteenth

O star of strength; I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

The Light of Stars.

August Fourteenth

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

The Spanish Student.



August Fifteenth

There he sang of Hiawatha,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!

The Song of Hiawatha.

August Sixteenth

May all holy angels guard thee!

The Spanish Student.



August Seventeenth

Works do follow us all unto God, there stand and bear
witness

Not what they seemed,—but what they were only.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

August Eighteenth

Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.

The Building of the Ship.



August Nineteenth

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall
adamantine!

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

August Twentieth

Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to
Heaven.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



August First

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

A Day of Sunshine.

August Second

Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;

The Golden Legend.



August Third

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known.
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

1823 *Impressaria Milton Batefelden*
1861 *Frank Henry Rand* 1913

August Fourth

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
Hymn to the Night.



August Twenty-Fifth

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Flowers.

August Twenty-Sixth

Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boasting!

The Song of Hiawatha.



August Twenty-Seventh

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

A Psalm of Life.

August Twenty-Eighth

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Curfew.



August Twenty-Ninth

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone,
Is the central point, from which he measures

Every distance

Through the gateways of the world around him.

The Golden Mile-stone.

August Thirtieth

Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands.

The Song of Hiawatha.



August Thirty-First

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

Gaspar Becerra.





September First

Autumn

Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow.

The Song of Hiawatha.

September Second

If any thought of mine, or sung, or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Dedication.



September Third

Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.
The Spanish Student.

September Fourth

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
The Light of Stars.



September Fifth

You have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness.

The Spanish Student.

September Sixth

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

To an Old Danish Song-Book.



September Seventh

The great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors
around him.

Evangeline.

September Eighth

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.



September Ninth

Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover
Who illumines life with dreaming!

The Golden Legend.

September Tenth

In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.

The Spanish Student.



September Eleventh

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

A Psalm of Life.

September Twelfth

Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
The Spanish Student.



September Thirteenth

Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arms is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

The Spanish Student.

September Fourteenth

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Dante.



September Fifteenth

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

September Sixteenth

Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,
And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,
Doth the grave one common darkness spread!
Elegy.



September Seventeenth

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

The Spanish Student.

September Eighteenth

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!
Though the fields around us wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces;
Let us turn and wander thither!

Epimetheus.



September Nineteenth

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!

The Building of the Ship.

September Twentieth

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!"

The Song of Hiawatha.



September Twenty-First

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

The Golden Mile-stone.

September Twenty-Second

Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.

The Song of Hiawatha.



September Twenty-Third

Deny

The tempter, though his power is strong,
And, inaccessible to wrong,
Still like a martyr live and die!

The Golden Legend.

September Twenty-Fourth

You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat . . .
Or a few cherries that are not as sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast.

The Birds of Killingworth.



September Twenty-Fifth

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be.
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
The Good Shepherd.

1893 *Ascent of the Golden Legend*

September Twenty-Sixth

The thought of my short-comings in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.
The Golden Legend.



September Twenty-Seventh

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

Dedication.

September Twenty-Eighth

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

Autumn.



September Twenty-Ninth

When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

The Song of Hiawatha.

September Thirtieth

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

Autumn.



October First

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
Of your adversities.

The Spanish Student.

October Second

Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

A Gleam of Sunshine.



October Third

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its o'erhanging golden canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
And shining with the argent light of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of rest.

To a Child.

October Fourth

Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.

The Golden Legend.



October Fifth

But the good deed through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

The Norman Baron.

October Sixth

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand.

Autumn.



October Seventh

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete.

Giotto's Tower.

October Eighth

Forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.

Rain in Summ̄r.



October Ninth

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.
Pegasus in Pound.

October Tenth

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of
the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with
mantles and jewels.
Evangeline.



October Eleventh

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

Autumn.

October Twelfth

Over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God.

Evangeline.



October Thirteenth

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !

Autumn.

October Fourteenth

Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass.

The Image of God.



October Fifteenth

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

The Light of Stars.

October Sixteenth

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Dedication.



October Seventeenth

Walking here, in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

Dedication.

October Eighteenth

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life.

Autumn.



October Nineteenth

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day.

October Twentieth

All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book.
The Spanish Student.



October Twenty-First

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

The Goblet of Life.

Belle J. Batchelder.

October Twenty-Second

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious
instincts!

The Courtship of Miles Standish.



October Twenty-Third

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

The Spanish Student.

October Twenty-Fourth

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds
without number
Lie in His bosom like children.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



October Twenty-Fifth

The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings.

Autumn.

October Twenty-Sixth

O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

The Spanish Student.



October Twenty-Seventh

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter I am thine!

The Golden Legend.

October Twenty-Eighth

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam,
Portentous through the night.

The Beleaguered City.



October Twentyninth

All around him was calm, but within him commotion
and conflict,

Love contending with friendship, and self with each
generous impulse.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

October Thirtieth

Now be strong, be strong, my heart!

The Spanish Student.



October Thirty-First

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!

The Song of Hiawatha.

Barbara Swain.





November First

With a sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits.

Autumn.

November Second

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

The Goblet of Life.



November Third

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air!
The Golden Legend.

November Fourth

It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.
The Spanish Student.



November Fifth

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Children...

November Sixth

Alas! the world is full of peril!
The path that runs through the fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile!

The Golden Legend.



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER



November Seventh

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day.

November Eighth

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a
horseshoe.

Evangeline.



November Ninth

What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

The Spanish Student.

November Tenth

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbor-
ing ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
the forest.

Evangeline.



November Eleventh

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry.

Coplas de Manrique.

November Twelfth

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.



November Thirteenth

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

Resignation.

November Fourteenth

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

The Day Is Done.



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER



November Fifteenth

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

Resignation.

November Sixteenth

If justice rules the universe,
From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

The Golden Legend.



November Seventeenth

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

The Beleaguered City.

November Eighteenth

The day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day.



November Nineteenth

Leafless are the trees ; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the Winter sunset.

The Golden Mile-stone.

November Twentieth

There is no wound Christ cannot heal!

The Golden Legend.



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER



November Twenty-First

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

November Twenty-Second

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery.

The Golden Legend.



November Twenty-Third

I do not fear, I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

The Spanish Student.

November Twenty-Fourth

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

The Day Is Done.



November Twenty-Fifth

From the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.
Haunted Houses.

November Twenty-Sixth

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
The Builders.



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER



November Twenty-Seventh

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The Day Is Done.

November Twenty-Eighth

Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe.

Coplas de Manrique.



November Twenty-Ninth

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay,—but onward speed
With loosened rein.

Coplas de Manrique.

November Thirtieth

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her
Saviour.

Evangeline.



December First

Ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
Christmas Bells.

December Second

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.

Evangeline.



December Third

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all?

Coplas de Manrique.

December Fourth

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father,
forgive them!"

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



December Fifth

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Resignation.

December Sixth

From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

The Golden Legend.



December Seventh

So was her love diffused, but like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma.

Evangeline.

December Eighth

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face.

Coplas de Manrique.



December Ninth

We can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace.

Coplas de Manrique.

December Tenth

I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Prelude.



December Eleventh

What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius!

The Spanish Student.

December Twelfth

All the means of action—
The shapeless masses—the materials—
Lie everywhere about us.

The Spanish Student.



December Thirteenth

My songs of power prelude
The march and battle of man's life,
And for the suffering and the strife,
I give him Fortitude.

The Golden Legend.

December Fourteenth

From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror!

The Spanish Student.



December Fifteenth

O enviable fate! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
With lyre and sword, with song and steel;
A hand to smite, a heart to feel!

The Golden Legend.

December Sixteenth

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

The Children's Hour.



December Seventeenth

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?"

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

December Eighteenth

Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
The Spanish Student.



December Nineteenth

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Maidenhood.

December Twentieth

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!

The Golden Legend.



December Twenty-First

As a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach
The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee.
The Golden Legend.

December Twenty-Second

Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them.
The Song of Hiawatha.



December Twenty-Third

Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,
Thou givest all unto thy Lord!
While I, so mean and abject grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

The Golden Legend.

December Twenty-Fourth

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth!
Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath,
Thou art greater than Life and Death,
Greater than Joy or Woe!

The Golden Legend.



December Twenty-Fifth

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Christmas Bells.

Alice Rand. 1906.

December Twenty-Sixth

God is not dead; nor doth He sleep,
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to men!

Christmas Bells.

1906 Clara Tillmore Swain



December Twenty-Seventh

The life which is, and that which is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance; and that scale
In which we throw our hearts preponderates.

The Golden Legend.

December Twenty-Eighth

Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David; priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!

The Norman Baron.



December Twenty-Ninth

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

To-morrow.

December Thirtieth

Let us kneel down, and side by side
Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied.

The Golden Legend.



December Thirty-First

The Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone.

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.





3 2044 024 503 088

**THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.**

**Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 495-2413**

